

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

“What is it?” “What is the matter?” “What the —’s up?” “What’s happened?” burst on Wallace in a volley.

“It’s Dyer!” gasped the young man. “I found him on the boom! He held me up with a gun while he filed the boom chains between the center piers. They’re just ready to go. I got away by diving. Hurry and put in a new chain. You haven’t got much time!”

“He’s a goner now,” interjected Solly grimly. “Charley is on his trail—and he is hit.”

Thorpe’s intelligence leaped promptly to the practical question. “Injun Charley—where’d he come from? I sent him up to Sadler & Smith’s. It’s twenty miles, even through the woods.”

As though by way of colossal answer the whole surface of the jam moved inward and upward, thrusting the logs bristling against the horizon.

“She’s going to break!” shouted Thorpe, starting on a run toward the river. “A chain, quick!”

The men followed, strung high with excitement. Hamilton, the journalist, paused long enough to glance up stream. Then he, too, ran after them, screaming that the river above was full of logs. By that they all knew that Injun Charley’s mission had failed and that something under 10,000,000 feet of logs were racing down the river like so many battering rams.

At the boom the great jam was already a-tremble with eagerness to spring. Indeed a miracle alone seemed to hold the timbers in their place.

“It’s death, certain death, to go out on that boom,” muttered Billy Mason.

Tim Shearer stepped forward coolly, ready as always to assume the perilous duty. He was thrust back by Thorpe, who seized the chain, cold-shut and hammer which Scotty Parsons brought and ran lightly out over the booms, shouting:

“Back! Back! Don’t follow me, on your lives! Keep ‘em back, Tim!”

The swift water boiled from under the booms. Bang! splash! bang! crashed the logs a mile up stream, but plainly audible above the waters and the wind. Thorpe knelt, dropped the cold-shut through on either side of the weakened link and prepared to close it with his hammer. He intended further to strengthen the connection with the other chain.

“Lemme hold her for you. You can’t close her alone,” said an unexpected voice next his elbow.

Thorpe looked up in surprise and anger. Over him leaned Big Junko. The men had been unable to prevent his following. Animated by the blind devotion of the animal for its master and further stung to action by that master’s doubt of his fidelity, the giant had followed to assist as he might.

“You fool,” cried Thorpe, exasperated, then held the hammer to him. “Strike while I keep the chain underneath!” he commanded.

Big Junko leaned forward to obey, kicking strongly his corks into the barked surface of the boom log. The spikes, worn blunt by the river work already accomplished, failed to grip. Big Junko slipped, caught himself by an effort, overbalanced in the other direction, and fell into the stream. The current at once swept him away, but fortunately in such a direction that he was enabled to catch the slanting end of a “dead head” log whose lower end was jammed in the crib. The dead head was slippery, the current strong. Big Junko had no crevice by which to assure his hold. In another moment he would be torn away.

“Let go and swim!” shouted Thorpe. “I can’t swim,” replied Junko in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible.

For a moment Thorpe stared at him. “Tell Carrie,” said Big Junko.

Then there beneath the swirling gray sky, under the frowning jam, in the midst of flood waters, Thorpe had his second great moment of decision. He did not pause to weigh reasons or chances, to discuss with himself expediency or the moralities of failure. His actions were foreordained, mechanical. All at once the great forces which the winter had been bringing to power crystallized into something bigger than himself or his ideas. The trail lay before him; there was no choice.

Now clearly, with no shadow of doubt, he took the other view: There could be nothing better than love. Men, their works, their deeds, were little things. Success was a little thing, the opinion of men a little thing. Instantly he felt the truth of it.

And here was love in danger. That it held its moment’s habitation in clay of the coarser mold had nothing to do with the great elemental truth of it. For the first time in his life Thorpe felt the full crushing power of an abstraction. Without thought, instinctively, he threw before the necessity of the moment all that was lesser. It was the triumph of what was real in the man over that which environment, alienation, difficulties had raised up within him.

At Big Junko’s words Thorpe raised his hammer and with one mighty blow severed the chains which bound the ends of the booms across the opening. The free end of one of the poles immediately swung down, with the current in the direction of Big Junko. Thorpe, like a cat, ran to the end of



“Run!” he shouted.

the boom, seized the giant by the collar and dragged him through the water to safety.

“Run!” he shouted. “Run for your life!”

The two started desperately back, skirting the edge of the logs which now the very seconds alone seemed to hold back. They were drenched and blinded with spray, deafened with the crash of timbers settling to the leap. The men on shore could no longer see them for the smother. The great crush of logs had actually begun its first majestic sliding motion when at last they emerged to safety.

At first a few of the loose timbers found the opening, slipping quietly through with the current; then more. Finally the front of the jam dove forward, and an instant later the smooth, swift motion had gained its impetus and was sweeping the entire drive down through the gap.

Rank after rank, like soldiers charging, they ran. The great fierce wind caught them up ahead of the current. In a moment the open river was full of logs jostling eagerly onward. Then suddenly far out above the uneven tossing sky line of Superior the strange northern “loom,” or mirage, threw the specters of thousands of restless timbers rising and falling on the bosom of the lake.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If the Russian navy officers were so scared that they wildly shot at innocent fishermen as they passed their British Channel, what will be their condition when they approach within firing distance of the Japanese. They will probably all have died with heart disease.

Mr. Cleveland has taken a pot shot at the elephant and now the republican managers are protesting that he shot before the game season was open.

Henry Gassaway Davis has travelled 8,000 miles on his speaking trip in West Virginia.

“No one takes the democratic campaign seriously,” said Senator Scott of West Virginia as he jumped on a train for that state to try and put a damper on the enthusiasm created by Candidate Davis.

Anyone who would like to trade a few real votes for a large consignment of brilliant prospects should apply to Chairman Cortelyou.

Probably no one will blame Senator Morgan of Alabama for saying with regard to Panama, “I told you so.”

From the present warmth of the campaign it is not likely that any candidate would not have been sufficiently roasted by election day.

The republicans are so anxious to enact a ship subsidy bill that they cannot keep it out of their campaign literature.

General Miles and Admiral Schley are supporting Judge Parker. Would either of them support a demagogue?

Chairman Taggart has collected \$100,000 to carry Indians. You have to fight fire with fire, these days.

There is increased confidence that it will be President Parker and Vice President Davis after March 4, 1905.

LANDSLIDE FOR PARKER.

Postal Card Investigation by Brooklyn Eagle.

NEW YORK SAFELY DEMOCRATIC

The Situation Bright Every where—Conditions Resemble Those of 1892.

New York, Oct. 30.—Democratic leaders seen about the Hoffman House and at other places where the politically inclined are wont to congregate, insist, that the closing week of the campaign looks so promising that every man at work for the cause will feel impelled to do his utmost. The forecasts made by several newspapers this morning were studied with decided interest and even in those prognostications Democrats derive much encouragement. The Herald believes that Roosevelt will be elected, but that paper looks upon New York as doubtful, extremely so. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle made a preliminary postal card canvass of the vote for President and Governor in New York city and declares this morning that the result indicates a Parker landslide.

Its methods of obtaining data of making computations are exactly similar to those in previous campaigns. These canvasses predicted within a few hundred of the actual vote. While these newspaper forecasts were under discussion today one of the Democratic leaders averred that they had obtained similar results by the canvass of a certain congressional district in this State. It was desired to get at the exact condition of affairs and to this end several weeks were devoted to a canvass of the district in question. The men employed to do the work being the most reliable to be found. It was a district in which many Democrats had voted against Bryan and it was hoped that a canvass would show a gain of eighteen per cent. for Democrats over the vote of last election. The apparent gain was much greater than this and it was said to-day that if such a gain was made in every district Parker would carry the State by a very large majority.

Situation in Jersey.

Ex-Governor Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, has completed his speaking tour in New Jersey, and is now speaking in New Jersey, Governor McMillan said yesterday.

“Everywhere I have spoken I have had large and deeply interested audiences. At Elizabeth last (Thursday) night, I met, and spoke from the same platform with, Mr. Black the Democratic nominee for Governor, and the Democratic candidate for Congress in that district. I talked with both gentlemen about the situation in New Jersey. They are very hopeful of fine results in that State on the national and local tickets. They say that the Democratic organization is very complete and active, and that all the Democratic candidates on the State ticket are very hopeful. Judging by the enthusiasm which I have observed at the meetings I have addressed, there is every indication of Democratic success in the State, and I will unite with the Democratic leaders in forecasting victory all along the line.

“Prior to going to New Jersey, I addressed a series of Democratic meetings in Massachusetts. The Democrats of the old Bay State are making a great fight to elect their candidate for Governor, William L. Douglas. Their hopes are high. They told me they expected to elect Mr. Douglas this year, and were sure that, if it were not a presidential year, their candidate would certainly be successful. They have strong hopes indeed, of doing it this year. Mr. Douglas is a superb candidate with a splendid record, a responsible and conservative man, acceptable to all classes of liberty-loving people.

Reminds 1892.

“Speaking of the outlook of the democracy generally, I will say that this campaign greatly resembles that of 1892. It is more like the canvass of that year than any other national campaign in which I ever engaged. In that year the Democracy defeated Benjamin Harrison, at that time running for the presidency, and also elected at the same time a Democratic Congress, the latter largely because Thomas B. Reed’s Congress had expended more than one billion dollars in two years, and is still known in American history as the Billion Dollar Congress. In 1904 we have Mr. Roosevelt in the presidency. His administration has expended and squandered in one year more than \$781,000,000. At this rate in two years it will have expended a billion and a half dollars, or more than 50 per cent. more than was expended in the same period under the Harrison National administration and the Reed domination in Congress. The sum of \$781,000,000 expended in one year means \$10 per head of taxation for every man woman

and child in the United States proper. If the American people defeated the Harrison administration and the Reed Congress for expending half a billion dollars in one year, what will they do to the Roosevelt administration and the Cannon Congress, which expends one and one-half times that amount in the same period of time? I look for the triumphant election of Judge Parker to the Presidency and for a Democratic House of Representatives, and for the success of democratic Governor’s in three-fourths of the States of the Union.”

Michigan Satisfactory.

The democratic State central committee of Michigan has issued a formal statement of the condition in that State. It says:

“We are satisfied with the situation, Mr. Ferris will be elected Governor by from 40,000 to 50,000 plurality. One thousand speakers sent out by the opposition will not stem the tide nor change one hundred votes. It will take more than the distribution of cheap, free railroad passes and the work of the board of food factory inspectors, the tax commission slouts and State employes traveling over the State in the interest of Mr. Warner at the expense of the tax payers, to prevent the triumphant election of Mr. Ferris and placing of the people and out of control of the machine.”

The statement says in conclusion: “Whether the election were today, ten days ago, or ten days hence, the result would be the same. It is the opinion of the committee, based upon reports from every county in the State, that Woodbridge N. Ferris will be elected Governor of Michigan by a very large majority. The Michigan State tax committee has not a friend on earth except the railroad corporations. If there were no other issue, the machine in Michigan would be defeated by a very large majority. Add to this the many thousands of independent Republican voters, who earnestly believe in primary reform and the 40,000 Republicans who voted against Governor Bliss and “Ripperism” two years ago, and there remains not a ghost a show for the election of Mr. Warner. Whether they put in 1,000 speakers next week, or 10,000, will make no difference as far as stemming the tide which has set in to rebuke the machine in this State.”

Senator Gorman intimates that the election will bring some surprises for somebody and intimates that they may not all be for the Democrats.

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DEPOSITS.	ASSETS.
37,708.93.	DEC. 15, 1893, 139,367.29
329,184.73.	DEC. 15, 1895, 369,026.17
327,850.44.	DEC. 15, 1897, 469,751.16
781,018.11.	DEC. 15, 1899, 637,156.48
1,043,282.04.	DEC. 15, 1901, 1,180,265.70
2,237,075.14.	DEC. 15, 1903, 2,863,997.16
	April 14, 1904, \$2,954,698.14 \$3,589,276.46

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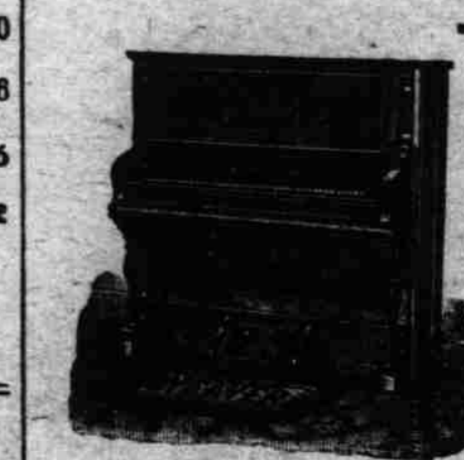
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